WEEKLY COURIER.

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JASPER. - - - - INDIANA.

READY-MADE SHOES.

Many Sizes Nowadays, but Poor Shapes and Heels for Women and Children.

Selling ready-made shoes is a very different thing now from what it used to be, when many thousands who now buy them had their foot wear made to order. Sizes in ready-made shoes have been greatly multiplied. Not only do men's shoes run up to No. 13 in length, but the vary in width from AA, the narrowest, to EE, the widest. A salesman must know all about sizes and be able to make a pretty good guess at what a customer needs, but must as well know what makes of shoes run wide or long for their numbers.

Before all these niceties of shading were invented, the matter of fitting ready-made shoes to a customer's feet was a simple one. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that there was no such thing as a fit in ready-made shoes save for persons of normal and average feet. The long, slender foot was not provided for, and neither was the short, thick foot. The numbers of men's shoes most called for now are 7, 7½ and 8, with the widths A, B and C. In women's shoes the numbers in length most in demand are 3, 3½, 4, 4½ and 5, with the widths A and B. But the usual sizes above and below these are provided in large numbers. There are many calls for 13 at the large concerns, where unusual sizes are provided. It is difficult in small concerns to get anything above 10½. The difference in price for size is little or nothing, save that what are called "misses' shoes," which run pretty high, are for some reason sold cheaper than women's shoes of like size. Some women know this and profit by it.

Women have from time immemorial been abominably ill shod, and most of them are so still. The makers of ready-made shoes unhesitatingly cater to fashion, and it is difficult for us men to find a ready-made shoe with a low heel and a roomy toe. Nine women out of ten have wretchedly abused feet, and the condition of their walking shoes at the end of six weeks' use is such that their brothers or husbands would not for a moment think of wearing them. Working women stand or walk all day long on French heels, partly through vanity, partly because better shaped shoes have to be made to order at a comparatively high price. Children's shoes, save in rare instances, are still made in defiance of hygiene and are responsible for half the pains of learning to walk. Doctors are recommending that infants be brought up barefoot. The price for infant's shoes made to order is prohibitive to the poor. Every sort of shoe that professes to be hygienic has a high price put upon it because of the name. Women have of recent years learned some wisdom in the matter of foot wear from the fact that shoes for wear in athletic sports are made in sensible and comfortable shapes. These shoes, which have to be roomy to be endurable, have brought about a slight reaction against the vanity of wearing shoes too short and too narrow for the feet.

The man and woman of normal and and average feet is always welcome in the ready-made shoe shops, because such persons can usually be fitted in less than ten minutes. It would hardly be possible to carry on business were there not comparatively few feet of abnormal size or shape, for a man or woman with such feet consumes from half an hour to an hour of a salesman's time, and often goes away without buying. There must be small profit in selling ready-made shoes to such people.

The man that wears say 11½ AA is a most unwelcome visitor to any shoe shop, though in all the large concerns salesmen manfully struggle to fit such customers. On very busy days the man or woman of abnormal feet meets with an early intimation that there is no fit to be had. Such persons come to be known in the shops and to be dodged by the salesmen.—N. Y. Sun.

How the Weather Affects the Health.

You know that the weather affects your health, but have you ever satisfied yourself as to how it does it? By observing the barometer for a few months and comparing your feelings with its readings you will discover that they fluctuate in harmony. Then just a little plain thinking will make it clear. When the barometer is low the atmosphere is light and the air pressure on the body is considerably lessened. When this pressure is removed the blood is forced to the surface and distends the vessels. Weak or diseased parts are congested, sensitive nerves submitted to unusual pressure and a sense of fullness, a sort of stuffy feeling pervades the whole body. The blood does not flow freely on account of the loss of nerve tone, the brain becomes sluggish and mental acuteness is impaired. The barometer is not responsible for all this, but it explains how it all happens. Healthy, vigorous persons are not affected by the changing pressure and moisture of the atmosphere like those who are diseased or have weak spots. They have sufficient vital energy to resist the tendency to congestion of the small blood vessels and of the mucus membranes to throw off more moisture than the atmosphere will absorb. It is for this reason that children and young people in good health do not suffer to any extent from atmospheric changes. — Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.

A New Sensation.

The small boy had gone out with his father for a sail, and the bounding billows had shaken him up to the extent that he had parted with his breakfast.

"Oh, papa," he exclaimed, after the second attack, "what makes me unswallow that way?"—Detroit Free Press.

THE FOUR VOICES.

By sober Brown Beard, who is said to have seen
Of winters and summers some thirty-and-seven.
Tripped lightly Gold Tresses, of sweet seventeen,
The fairest creature on this side of Heaven.

"How pleasant the evening breezes that stir
The rustling leaves, as the woods grow dim!"
Such aimless words spake his lips to her,
But his heart was muttering low to him:

"Oh, that the summer of life were spring!
Oh, to have found her long summers ago!
Is it yet too late? Would this sweet young thing
Give the hope of her youth to—? No, ah, no!"

"Yes, pleasant it is, when the woods grow dim,
To hear the sound of the leaves that stir!"
Such trivial words said her lips to him,
But her heart was whispering low to her:

"Is there ever a man like the man that I see—
A man like the Bayard of ages ago?
He thinks me childish and foolish, ah, me!
Could he really care for—? No, ah, no!"

Quoth his lips: "Good night, you now are home."
Prayed his heart: "God love her, whose ever she be!"
Said her lips: "Good night, you were kind to come."
Sighed her heart: "No, he never could never love me."

—Truth.

FROM COO ROCK.

BY MAY D. HATCH.

It was variously designated the "Turtleback," the "Turtledove," and sometimes merely the "Dove." The old salts of the island knew it only as the Turtleback rock, named for its decided resemblance to the shining brown shell of a monster tortoise protruding from the water; but on account of its charming security for a tete-a-tete and for the appreciation it met with from those who were strong enough swimmers to enjoy its advantages the name which had been given to it for its crustacean likeness was usually perverted into the simple, melodious appellation: "Coo rock." Indeed, so general had this term become that even the venerable guests of the Shawkemo house, discussing the tide which covered it pretty well at the full, would call it so in all seriousness, possibly confusing it, mentally spelled with a K, with the various Indian names with which the island abounded, or believing it had reference, spelled with a C, to the gentle lapping of the waves about it.

It was Monday morning. Most of the men who had come to spend Sunday on the island had returned to town, three hours distant by rail; and, although the day was exquisitely clear and beautiful and the bay rejoiced in a thousand shifting blues in the sunshine, the bathers were few—a half dozen boys at the school age turning back-somersaults off the float, some children paddling around in the wet sand with their clothes tucked up behind out of the wet like cock feathers, and a staid matron or two near shore, mildly bobbing up and down incased in flannel and bathers' hats.

As Marie Trask walked down the float for her morning plunge she nodded to the boys, looked out over the water, and sat down a moment on the edge to try its temperature. She felt a little lonely, a little depressed; she swung her feet—irreproachable in size, in shape, and in black silk stockings—lazily in the water, and meditated.

She was a comely object for the water to reflect; a trim, svelte, girlish figure in a well-fitting black bathing suit, her blonde skin browned by the outdoor life she was leading, her eyes clear gray, a small nose which had a tendency to be Roman, a sweet, happy mouth that was quick to smile and show the white teeth that had not yet lost their baby unevenness at the edges, and, crowning all, her sunny blonde hair; not so much of it, but it crinkled and rippled over her head in such a fashion that no one came near her but wanted to lay a hand on it and smooth it down a bit, just to feel how soft and silky it was.

She looked over toward the rock; it was quite a distance out in the little harbor, and the tide ran rapidly there at the turn. It was about full now, but it would be slack water for some time yet, and she thought she would try it. She had been out there often, but never alone. She was a strong swimmer for a girl, and destitute of fear; but always before to-day there had been someone to go with her.

She slipped off the float; the water was perfectly clear and just cooler than the air. With strong, quiet strokes she started for the rock as a goal; half-way out she grew a little tired, floated a few minutes to rest, and then swam on. It seemed much further than usual; but always before she had been diverted on the way with manly converse, or given a friendly hand if she were tired. At last she reached it, pulled herself eagerly up to the highest bulging point of the rock, and gave a sigh of satisfaction. She turned her back to the shore and looked out at the hill-clasped harbor.

What a perfect day it was! She was irritated with herself for being blue, but how could she help it when other people made idiots of themselves?

What a stupid thing for her not to have looked through the book, anyway, before she had lent it to him; but at least she had discovered in time what a jealous, doubting friend she had almost consented to marry. She remembered every word of the letter she had found waiting for her that morning. It ran:

"DEAR MARIE: When you loaned me Dobson's poems last night, I do not think you knew you had left the inclosed verses in the book. Perhaps I should not have read them [Certainly he should not, Marie thought], but I have done so. They say that a woman's instinct is quick to rush at the truth: a man has that instinct when he loves. By the signature, 'Jack,' I knew at once they were from Jack Edgerton, and that he must have written them to you when you left the Edgerton camp three weeks ago. Only three weeks! It unnerved me to think he had the right to say such things to you such a little while ago, and—yes, and you have let me believe you loved me.

"I am going to leave on the 8.10 this morning. I cannot bear to stop to say good-by. Yours, DARRELL."

And the verses—"Dear Eyes," they were called:

"So many eyes meet mine each day—
Earnest and tender, and eyes that smile,
Or dare without hope, and all the while
I think of you who have gone away.

"I long so to look in your eyes, dear,
Your eyes that speak to my soul until
The cry of earth's loneliness grows still
As I draw you so near,—so near."

She had never known Jack could make a rhyme, till these verses had come to her. Dear, honest Jack! how sorry he would be if he knew all the trouble he had brought about. No, she could scarcely hold him responsible for her present discomfort—it was all her own carelessness; and the next time she indulged in the exchange of literature she would shake the volume to its foundations to exorcise all lurking imps that might do her ill. One is so apt to tuck things away in a book and then forget all about them. Yet, after all, he might have given her a chance to explain.

She was aroused from her reverie by the soft rush of waters parted by the even stroke of strong arms. Marie turned her head shoreward; a man was rapidly swimming toward her. The head looked very familiar, but he had written her he was going on the eight ten. A few more strokes and there was no doubt of his identity; she turned her gaze again out to sea. He clambered up on the rock beside her. He was a superb creature, with limbs bronze and shining as one of Gerome's Arabs. He looked like some radiant river god with a dash of water on his chestnut hair, his eyes as blue as the morning sea, and with that beauty in his face that comes from conscious strength and kindliness and the glory of youth and vigorous, overflowing life.

"Good-morning, Marie."

She had not yet looked at him, but she met his gaze now with a half smile.

"I thought you were going on the eight ten."

"I started," he answered, "crossed the ferry, went to the station, and came back. Why did you come out here alone? You should have known better, the tide is running out now, and the swim back will be a hard pull all the way."

"I am quite capable of taking care of myself," she answered, somewhat stiffly, "and if you are afraid of the tide you would better go in at once."

He was astonished to find her adopting an injured tone; if anyone had a right to be hurt, he surely was the one to enjoy the privilege of that position. He looked at her despairingly; the little curls, dried by the sun and wind, beckoned maddingly. He forgot his grievance for a moment.

"When Venus came ashore on the waves," he said, keeping his eyes on the curls, "Zephyrus blew her there, and before he left her he hovered about and kissed her until her hair, which the sea had wet, was dry and shining like silk; but it always kept the crinkle the motion of the waves had given it, and all true daughters of Venus have inherited that ripple of the waves ever since. That is the story I always think of," he finished, seeking now her clear gray eyes, "when I see your hair in the sun, Marie."

She laughed gayly. "It seems to me some one else is dipping into poetry besides poor Jack."

His brow darkened. "Don't make a joke of it," he said; "the blood has been boiling in my veins ever since I read it. I don't blame Jack for loving you, nor for writing it to you. I ought not to have read it; but the thought of his having his arm about you, as it clearly implies, and that you have cared for him, perhaps care for him still, has driven me almost beside myself. If you have any pity for me tell me the truth, or let me go."

"You may go," she spoke coldly; "I will not keep you."

"See; we are here," he said, "under the free sky, with the pure clear water, all about us, close to honest nature, and life would be so good to me if—is there always to be an if?—if only I knew the truth and that it is not what I thought—that you do not care for him."

"I am very fond indeed of Jack; and as for the verses, I think they are charming, and that any girl should be happy to inspire a man like that."

Darrell groaned. "You are more frivolous than I believed, and you have not been true to either of us."

"I think I will swim in," she said. She slipped off the rock and struck out for the shore. He followed her silently, keeping his eyes upon her, for the tide was making hard out to sea.

"Don't try and buck against the tide," he called; "let it carry you down. Just swim for the shore; you waste your strength that way." He was swimming close beside her now.

"If I needed it," she asked, "would you be strong enough to tow me in?"

He laughed grimly. "Try me," he answered.

He took both her hands in his, swimming easily on his back; to this healthy young giant her added weight was nothing. They went rushing through the water at what seemed a terrific rate of speed to the girl whose endurance had already been taxed by the swimming, and the sense of security and strength it gave her was a delicious relief.

At last they reached the float; the little boys were tearing up and down the sand doing jumping "stents." She let go of his hands and he lifted her easily to the float. She was quite pale; perhaps there had been some nervous strain in her unusual exhaustion.

"Don't you feel well?" he asked, as he stood beside her, taking long, deep breaths after his exertion.

She put out a small, wet hand to him which he gladly took in his own damp grasp. "I should never have gotten in alone," she said, catching her breath a little, "so I cannot be horrid to you any more. That book belonged to my Cousin Mollie, but she does not want to announce her engagement to Jack till the fall."—Demorest's Magazine.

—The increase of wealth in this country proportioned to population was greatest between 1850 and 1860.

OUR IRON INDUSTRY.

Successful Competition with Foreign Manufacturers.

The Manufacturer's Record announces that the Anniston Pipe & Foundry Co., of Anniston, Ala., has secured a contract for 30,000 tons of cast iron water pipe, to be shipped to Yokohama, Japan. The contract was awarded on a bid submitted in competition with leading European iron manufacturers, and will be the largest foreign shipment ever made by an American iron works. This is believed to be only the beginning of extensive exports of iron and steel to Japan.

Here we have the strongest possible proof of the assertion of the tariff reformers that our iron industry needs no protection but could easily compete with all iron-producing countries. For over thirty years the American consumer has paid greatly increased prices for all iron and steel products, under the pretense that without the protection of high duties against foreign steel and iron, our mills and foundries would have to close down. In spite of the fact that we possess the richest deposits of coal, iron ore, lime, etc., in the world, and consequently have a natural advantage in the conversion of these raw materials into finished products which has made us the greatest iron producing country in the world, the republicans whined about "our infant iron industry," and maintained an almost prohibitive tariff on foreign iron and steel. The result has been to establish great trusts which have controlled prices and compelled the consumer to pay far more than the same goods could have been bought for under free competition. The attempt of the democrats to lower the heavy duties on iron and steel was vigorously opposed by every republican in congress, and all the hired organs of monopoly, on the ground that the admission of foreign goods would ruin our manufacturers.

When the Wilson tariff, with its greatly reduced iron and steel duties, became a law the republican press prophesied all sorts of calamity. But the result was exactly the reverse of their doleful prediction, for the past eleven months have witnessed the greatest prosperity that the iron industry has experienced for years. Idle mills and furnaces have started up, wages have been increased by all the principal manufacturers, thousands of additional men have secured employment, and it seems likely that the total production for the year will be largest in our history. Not only are our mills supplying the home market, but our exports are increasing, and with a few more years of tariff reform the United States will obtain its proper share of the markets of the world. Since we can ship iron to Japan in competition with England and Germany, there is certainly no reason why any duties should be needed to secure the home markets, as the only effect of the tariff can be to make the people of this country pay higher prices than the same goods are sold for abroad. B. W. H.

A WINNING ISSUE.

Tariff Reformers Willing to Accept the Gauge of Battle Offered by the Protectionists.

All along the republican lines, now forming for next year's engagement, we hear nothing but the tariff cry. In view of this fact the deliverance of Senator Cullom to the assembled republicans at Springfield has more than ordinary significance. "When the republican party gets control again, as it will next year," said the senator, "with some republican for president, we will take up that tariff act and go over it item by item, and make such amendments to it as will give reasonable protection to labor and American industries as against foreign labor and foreign industries. The people of this country never knew they wanted that sort of protection; they were never certain of it until the democrats, by mistake, got possession of this country two years ago."

Who made the "mistake" through which the democrats came into control of the government two years ago? The people repudiated the republican tariff law at the congressional elections of 1890. The law was the "overshadowing issue" of that campaign, and its repudiation was the most emphatic on record. If the result could then have been characterized as a "mistake," growing out of imperfect information and hasty judgment, the characterization will certainly not apply to the results of the elections of 1892 which confirmed and emphasized those of two years earlier. In the two years intervening between these two successive republican defeats on tariff lines, the republican tariff policy found opportunity to demonstrate its capacity either for good or bad.

To assert that the people made "a mistake" in confirming in 1892 their previous judgment of 1890, is to assert that they are incapable of forming a correct and intelligent judgment on any public question.

Yet that is the attitude not only of the Illinois senator, but of the party for which he stands and speaks. It is clear enough that we are to have, if the republicans carry the country next year, another period of tariff agitation, resulting in sweeping changes in existing schedules. The republicans used to assure us that tariff discussion unsettles values, impairs confidence and destroys prosperity. They used to insist that such discussions paralyze trade and confidence by leaving the basis of calculation in doubt and by displacing certainty with uncertainty as an element in all business transactions. But now, in full view of another campaign, and in the full flush of a confidence which gives them the courage of a candor not usually belonging to them, they declare for more agitation, more unsettled values, more impaired confidence and more paralysis of trade and commerce.

The democratic party will accept this challenge. It believes in the people. It believes in the wisdom of their final judgment on any question. Believing, as it does, that if the people had made a mistake in 1890 that mistake would have been corrected in 1892, it is entitled to believe that the mistake the people made in 1894 will be corrected by them in 1896. In an era of reviving trade and commerce the wisdom of democratic administration is being proved. The republican party was condemned in 1892 as in 1890 because in those two years the country saw clearly that every charge made by democracy against republican administration was justified. Democracy, condemned in 1894, will be justified again by the people when they see every false charge brought against its administration of the government overwhelmed in a rising tide of prosperity resulting from just laws wisely administered.—St. Louis Republic.

OUT OF DATE.

No Time for Strikes While Wages Are Advancing.

"This is not a time for strikes for higher wages," whines the pretended friend of the workingmen, the Philadelphia Manufacturer. Of course not. The time for strikes was when McKinleyism was closing factories, throwing thousands of men out of work, and making strikes, such as the great Carnegie strike of 1892, useless as a protest against reduced wages. This is the state of affairs which the Philadelphia high tariff organ wishes to see restored, and in the meantime it tries to prevent the American workingmen reaping the full benefit of the good times, by pretending that conditions do not warrant wage advances.

But the workers themselves know better. They know that over one million men and women have had their wages increased from 10 to 15 and 20 per cent. since the Wilson tariff was adopted. They know that the period of trade depression, which under a high tariff filled the country with idle men ready to take the places of striking workmen, has gone with the tariff policy which caused it. They know that it is the wonderful business revival caused by the Wilson tariff which has started up factories and mills, thus relieving the labor market of the hosts of unemployed. They know that the only time when strikes have any chance of success is when men are in demand, and that if employers are now readily yielding to the requests of their hands for more wages, it is because they know that in case of a strike they could not fill the places of the strikers. These are some of the things which the workers have learned by long experience. And they are not likely to cease striving for the highest possible wages which trade conditions will allow, merely because the avowed organ of the manufacturers warns them against believing that prosperity has returned to the country.

APT ILLUSTRATION.

A Monkey Story with a Good Application.

When Barnum's show was in winter headquarters in Bridgeport, Conn., a few years ago, a number of monkeys were kept in a large circular cage, divided into compartments by wire partitions. Each day when the animals were fed, instead of eating his own portion a monkey would thrust his head through the wires and steal from his neighbor's dish. While he was thus engaged the next monkey was stealing from him, and so on all around the cage. The result was that in the scramble and quarreling a good deal of the food was spilled and wasted, and while a few stronger and cunning monkeys got more than their share, the others were poorer than if each had eaten his own portion.

These monkeys, without knowing it, were true protectionists, and illustrated perfectly the ideal state of society from a high tariff point of view. The McKinleyites would have us all engaged in trying to take by taxation from each other's wealth, for the purpose of making everybody rich through stealing from everybody. The farmer would be robbed for the alleged benefit of the workingman, the latter for the benefit of the manufacturer, who himself would be robbed by duties on raw material for the benefit of the land owner, the land owner would have to pay higher prices to benefit the merchant, and so on all around the circle. Instead of this complicated system of tolls and taxes the ideal society is one in which each man enjoys the full reward of his own labor, and neither steals nor is stolen from.

Lower Tariff Reduces Trust Profits.

The operations of the sugar trust under the Wilson tariff, as set forth in the report of Willett & Gray, the well known sugar statisticians, shows that during the first six months of this year the trust made a net profit of $3,000,000. This is said to be the poorest showing made in any six months of the trust's history, and the report makes it clear that the German granulated sugar, which was much cheaper than the American, has been used to a considerable extent by fruit canners and preservers. This decrease in sugar trust profits is proof of the wisdom of the Wilson tariff in reducing the protection on refined sugars. Had the trust no tariff advantage over foreign refiners the competition in refined sugar would have still further benefited the American people by reduced prices. Sugar can be refined cheaper in this country than in any part of the world, but it will be dearer than in other countries so long as the sugar trust is protected in its monopoly by even a small duty.

Wool Blight Under Protection.

Under the high protective laws the price of wool fell from 56 cents in 1867 to the lowest point of all in 1894 under the McKinley law. Now it is beginning to advance again under the new tariff law. The fact is that in Ohio in 1867, when the first law "protecting" wool was passed, there were over 7,000,000 head of sheep, and the price of wool was 56 cents a pound. From that time until the 28th of last August wool was under the so-called protective laws, and yet the number of sheep decreased over one-half and the price dropped to about 16 cents per pound. Republican organs have never attempted to explain the reason for this reduction in sheep and the price of wool, but went right along demanding protection for wool, knowing that the results give the lie to their false claim, and they are still at it.—Zanesvile (O.) Signal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for September 29, 1895—Joshua Renewing the Covenant—Joshua 24:14-28.

[Specially Arranged from Peloubet's Notes]

GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord our God will we serve, and His voice will we obey.—Josh. 24:24.

THE SECTION includes Joshua 21:43 to 24:33.

TIME—B. C. 1426. Eighteen years after the last lesson, and the twenty-fifth of Joshua's rule over Israel.

JOSHUA was nearly one hundred and ten years old, living at Timnath Serah, not far from Shechem.

PLACE—The religious capital was still at Shiloh, six miles northwest of Jerusalem; but the great assembly for renewing the covenant was at Shechem, between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim.

EXPLANATORY.

1. Eighteen Years of Rest.—Although the Canaanites were not wholly exterminated (23: 12; Judges 2: 2, 3), yet after nearly seven years of warfare, of course intermingled with the cultivating of fields and the making of homes, the war was practically ended, and the people gave themselves to the positive work of settling down as prosperous citizens of the Promised Land (21:43-45.) In his address Joshua first recounts, as in a panorama, with scene after scene, some of the great things God had done for this people in the past. No idol had ever done such things for its adherents.

14. "Now therefore:" in view of these facts. "Fear the Lord:" Not be in terror before Him, nor driven from Him by fright, but hold Him in reverential awe and respect, realize His power to help and to punish, so as to devote yourselves to Him in perfect trust. There can be no trifling. "Serve Him in sincerity and in truth:" Not in outward forms merely, but also in the heart and the life (John 4: 23, 24), and not with a secret regard for images, but giving Him a worship spiritual and real.

"Put away the gods which your fathers served:" We thus learn that idolatry lurked among the Israelites, and that it was that form of idolatry which had been known in the family of Terah of old (v. 2). "On the other side of the flood:" i. e., of the river Euphrates, whence Abraham came. "And serve ye the Lord:"

15. "If it seem evil," unwise, injurious to your interests or to your conscience. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve:" Be decided. Cease to "halt between two opinions," to be "everything by turns, and nothing long." "The gods which your fathers served:" in Chaldea. What had these done for them? Their ancestors had rejected these gods as unworthy. "The gods of the Amorites:" who had been unable to protect their worshipers from being destroyed by the Israelites. It would be absurd to turn from Jehovah to them. "As for me and my house, (household) we will serve the Lord:" even if we stand alone. The decision was worthy of the grand old man.

16. "And the people answered," etc.: The people decided, and sincerely, to serve God.

17. "He it is that brought us up," etc.: Their whole past history was wrought by God. Everything they possessed was the gift of God. He had led them; He had helped them in marvelous ways; He had chosen them as His peculiar people.

18. "The Amorites" (mountaineers): These are mentioned in particular because they were of gigantic stature, of great courage, and the most formidable enemies the Israelites had to conquer. But even these were conquered by the aid of God.

19. "Ye cannot serve the Lord," etc.: i. e., ye cannot in your own strength; it is more difficult than you imagine. It was a very serious and difficult thing to serve God, and, unless they were true-hearted and sincere, they would not succeed. "For He is a holy God:" And therefore cannot endure anything impure, or selfish, or wicked in His children. "He is a jealous God:" Unwilling to have a rival, as a true husband or wife is and ought to be unwilling to have a rival in the other's affections. "He will not forgive your transgressions:" Rather, will not pass by, if taking no notice. Joshua is supposing their willful rebellion and forsaking of God.—Gray.

20. "If ye forsake . . . He will turn:" He will assume a different attitude toward you because you put yourself in a different relation to Him.

21. Again the people declare that they "will serve the Lord."

22. "Ye are witnesses against yourselves:" your public promise to obey will be a witness that you know your duty and accepted the conditions of blessings for obedience and punishment for disobedience.

23. "And incline your heart unto the Lord God:" for if they gave God their hearts, they could not worship idols; and all acts of worship, even to the Lord, were in vain, unless they proceeded from the heart of love.

24. Again, in still stronger words, they promised: "His voice will we obey."

25. "So Joshua made covenant with the people that day:" i. e., he solemnly ratified and renewed the covenant of Sinai (Ex. 19:20) as Moses had done before him in the plains of Moab (Deut. 29: 1).—Cook. "Set them a statute:" either he formed the whole into a statute and ordinance which was promulgated for all Israel to receive and obey, or it may mean that he declared or propounded to them, he set before them the sum and substance of the Mosaic statutes, which their covenant obliged them to observe.—Bush.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

There are great advantages in large public meetings, where every possible appeal can be made to persuade men to decide to serve God.

Every person must decide for himself whether he will serve God or not. We must serve God from free choice, or not at.

The service of God is reasonable. Every high motive is on that side.

We are witnesses against ourselves. The mercies each one has received, his conscience, his profession, his principles as to worldly things, his dealings with others, all are witnesses against him, if he refuses to serve God.